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THE BOARDING SCHOOL FRIENDS.

Translated from the French.

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

THE ties of friendship, strong in childhood and youth, are often weakened by the advance of age. Riches and rank, adversity and misfortune, quickly establish a difference of position between those who were for a long time upon the same level. It is extremely mortifying to the pride to meet with a friend, very cordial in his manner, whose exterior announces indigence. Strong and generous minds, only, are capable of unchanging friendship. To such, the attainment of a high rank creates a warmer desire for the society of old friends, and they, alone, experience the sweet pleasure, reserved for true greatness, of hearing the remark:

"He remains unchanged by fortune, and is, indeed, worthy of all the happiness which he enjoys and all the applause he receives."

Emily Valrive and Celine Dorval were pupils, from a very early age, at the same boarding school. The congeniality of their minds naturally drew them towards each other and bound them together by that pure and lively sentiment which is awakened in such souls by the enjoyment together

of the first pleasures and the sweet exchange of the first secrets.

Emily was the daughter of a celebrated lawyer who, by his talents and labors, had contributed much to the prosperity of the nation. The father of Celine was a distinguished man of letters, who, simple and modest, an enemy to literary coteries, and satisfied with an independence, devoted himself to labor for the improvement of his fellow beings. He desired no rank, and, satisfied with his success as an author, found his greatest delight in his love for and study of the arts. The two young friends, on an equality as regarded fortune and position in society, were bound the more closely to each other by the pleasure they experienced in being able to name the authors of their existence with respect and honor. Whilst the father of Emily renewed, at the tribune, laws too long forgotten, and attempted to re-establish the warm social feeling and ancient splendor of France, the father of Celine disseminated in his writings, those regenerating moral principles which could not be without a good effect upon society.

Emily and Celine were inseparable; they pursued the same studies and cultivated the same talents. The success of one, in obtaining any of the prizes which were offered for the purpose of exciting emulation, was as grateful to the other as if it had been awarded to herself. Their attachment was carried to such an extent, that, permitted by their parents to do so, they even dressed alike. Neither possessed a gown, a jewel, or the simplest ribbon, which the other did not have also. It seemed, indeed, as if they had been formed by nature to be friends, for there was considerable resemblance in their features, manner and tone of voice.

This tender attachment, which increased in strength each day, was, previously to their leaving school, more strongly cemented by a newly awakened sentiment of gratitude on the part of Emily. She had a serious attack of fever, by which her life was endangered; and although all around her were very attentive, she owed her recovery, in a great measure, to the unwearied watching of Celine, who remained night and day at her bedside. This circumstance bound the two maidens more closely together, and the one experienced the same happiness in being able to say "I have saved thee!" as the other in incessantly repeating, "I owe to thee my life!"

They lived in this intimacy as long as they remained at the school, promising themselves to leave it on the same day. This period was nearer than they thought. Emily's father, whose talents and signal services rendered him, at this time, one of the most distinguished men in the nation, was called to an eminent post, and elevated at once to all the dignities and honors which his virtue merited. Obligated to leave his modest domicile to occupy a rich house, necessary to enable him to fill that social position into which his new office introduced him, he wished to have his only daughter again near him. Emily was sixteen years of age, and, in consequence of the healthy emulation which her friendship with Celine had excited, her naturally good mind was so well cultivated, that her parents did not hesitate to take her from the happy home of her youth. Celine, who would have found a life at the school insupportable after the departure of a friend with whom she had so long been intimate, begged permission of her parents to allow her to return home also, and the two inseparables left together.

They had so long breathed the same atmosphere, partaken of the same food, and enjoyed together the same pleasures, that the thought of the comparatively great separation which they must now endure, although they were to live in the same city where they might meet daily if they chose,

caused them to shed some bitter tears, and their protestations of deep regard, and vows of never ending love for each other came from the inmost depths of their pure hearts. Who could have convinced them at this moment that time can throw his chilling influences around the warmest souls?

When Emily arrived at her father's hotel, she found a splendid suit of rooms prepared for her; there was a chamber, a boudoir and a library, the furniture of each after the latest fashion. In the chamber was a splendidly carved mahogany bedstead with curtains of embroidered muslin; a round *sonno*, with a fine white marble top, upon which was a porcelain vase containing a rose bush now in full bloom; a secretary with columns of citron wood richly bronzed; and chairs of corresponding beauty. Upon the chimney-piece was a fine clock, representing Sappho, playing upon the harp, on each side of which was a vase of rich exotics. In the library was a collection of the best authors, uniformly and splendidly bound; a rich toned piano of the best manufacture, with a fine selection of music from the latest operas, and from the best masters. On the opposite side of the room was a mahogany easel, a box of colors, and many large morocco porte-feuilles filled with the rarest engravings. As for the boudoir, it was really a fairy temple; the light was softened by coming through rose colored gauze, and produced an enchanting effect. From the middle of the ceiling, which represented the sky, was suspended a richly carved alabaster lamp bespangled with golden stars. Divans of grey Chinese silk were arranged around and in the centre of the room was a tea-table, the top of which was an exquisite mosaic; upon it was placed a beautiful service of pure porcelain. Emily's mother had arranged this apartment in which she had collected all that opulence, prompted by a blind affection for her daughter, could procure.

Celine occupied a single chamber, its principal attraction consisting in the neatness by which it was characterized. A plain cherry bedstead, with simple white muslin curtains, a little secretary, upon which was placed the terrestrial and celestial globes, containing a few choice authors, a little sofa made of a light wood and covered with blue Utrecht velvet, a writing table, and a half-dozen straw bottom chairs, made up all the furniture of this unpretending apartment. All the ornaments of the chimney-piece consisted of two vases of plain old porcelain, filled with simple but beautiful flowers, gathered from M. Dorval's little garden. The wall, covered with a cheap but neat paper, was hung round with designs from the dramatic works of Celine's father,

whose portrait hung on the one side of the chimney-piece, the other being occupied by that of Emily.

A few days after the young friends were installed in their respective apartments, Emily, impatient that Celine should see the splendor in which she lived, called upon her. She showed toward her the same warmth of manner, the same tenderness which she had displayed on parting, and after spending a few minutes at M. Dorval's, almost forced Celine to accompany her home to dinner, where she was cordially received by Emily's father. They had hardly arrived when Emily conducted her friend to her chamber, pointing out with an evident satisfaction all its beauties, then to the boudoir with its delicious twilight, and then to the library. Celine was struck with the beauty of all she saw, congratulated her companion upon the richness and elegance which surrounded her, but without any great degree of enthusiasm, or evincing any desire to possess such luxuries herself. Of all the objects she saw, those which most attracted her attention were the fine piano and the elegant selection of music. With what pleasure did she execute the many morceaux which she there found, and with what satisfaction, for she was devotedly fond of music, did she turn over the works of the most celebrated composers. Whilst thus engaged a servant announced that dinner was served, and Emily with difficulty drew Celine from her intoxicating employment, surprised that the splendors of her apartments did not produce a greater effect, and feeling, for the first time a want of sympathy in her friend.

After dinner was over, she proposed to Celine a ride to the Bois de Boulogne in their calèche with her mother.

"Oh, I will go very willingly," said Celine naively. "I have never ridden in a calèche and it will be quite a treat to me; but," added she, "I am dressed very simply, and after the agreement we have made to dress alike I shall see you compelled to appear in this resort of all the fashionable people of Paris, in the simple habiliments which I wear."

"Oh no matter," stammered Emily, reddening in spite of herself, "I claim—I mean, I will be faithful to the compact we have made, and go to make a toilet similar to yours."

She soon appeared in a calico frock without ornaments, a muslin kerchief, a straw hat tied with a simple white ribbon, cotton stockings, black prunella shoes and a white woollen shawl. They entered the vehicle, and were soon whirling round the beautiful roads of the Bois de Boulogne, where they were evidently taken for two school-girls. This excursion deeply mortified

Emily's pride, but she hid her chagrin, and, whilst returning with Celine to her father, loaded her with caresses, frequently assuring her that nothing could lessen the warm affection she entertained for her.

One day some time after this ride, having made many calls with her mother, Emily stopped to see Celine who, in her turn, begged her friend to spend the day and evening with her.

"I cannot, it is true," said she, "offer you a ride in the Bois de Boulogne, but I propose that we attend this evening the first performance of an opera by one of our most celebrated composers."

Emily with the consent of her mother accepted the invitation, avowing that she would enjoy herself much more than she had done at the Bois de Boulogne, where she confessed she was not much amused. But a new difficulty here met the two friends; Emily, who had been paying visits of ceremony, was splendidly attired, whilst Celine was dressed in her usual simple manner, and had nothing in her wardrobe that would compare with the rich clothing of her friend. It was necessary then that the brilliant Emily should renounce her rich toilet, which now began to afford a great degree of pleasure, and assume the plain dress of her friend, who, thinking as she did, that nothing should be sufficient to break the sacred compact into which they had entered, set herself good naturedly to work to prepare for Emily a dress similar to her own.

She had already laid out a calico gown and muslin kerchief, when M. Dorval, who was a close observer, perceiving the mortification of Emily which she was unable entirely to conceal, remarked, adroitly, to his daughter, that it was impossible now that they lived separately in the world to preserve all the habits which they had contracted at school. Then addressing her friend in an affectionate tone:

"I can readily imagine, mademoiselle," said he, "how much it costs you to break the engagement you have made with my daughter; but the high rank to which your father has, deservedly, been elevated, will no longer allow you to preserve this uniform costume. It will be necessary for you always to descend to Celine, who cannot, possibly, in her dress, aspire to an equality with yourself, and, where there is not an equality of sacrifices, there can no longer be any pleasure. Take my advice, disengage yourselves from this agreement, and let your friendship consist, henceforth, not in a similarity of clothing, but in the purity and warmth of your affection for each other."

Emily was rejoiced at these observations of M. Dorval, but she dared not be the first to acquiesce in what she so much desired. Celine, convinced

of their justice, took the hand of her friend, and with a sweetness mingled with dignity, said :

"It is for me to cancel an agreement which requires all the sacrifices to come from you. I absolve you, then, from your promise, my dear Emily, satisfied that, in the richest as well as in the most simple habiliments, I shall always find the friend of my childhood."

Emily replied by pressing Celine in her arms and kissing her warmly. They started for the opera, not in an elegant carriage, but in a hackney coach, which did not move along very easily, and the two friends appeared in public, for the first time, differently dressed.

The unaccustomed restraint to which Emily was subjected in her new mode of life, caused her to find relief and pleasure in the society of her gentle and modest friend, with whom she frequently passed whole days.

"Truly," said she, on one of these occasions to Celine, "your chamber, although simple and unpretending, is a delightful place."

"Your portrait, dear Emily," replied her friend, is not to me the least attractive ornament. It is an exact resemblance, and I often surprise myself with my eyes fixed attentively upon it—it almost seems as if it smiled upon me at such times and were ready to speak."

"Then I will write upon the frame what I could wish it to say for me," said Emily with emotion; "you remember that it was taken a short time after I recovered from the dangerous illness with which I was attacked at school."

And she traced upon it the words :

"I owe to thee, dear Celine, my life!"

Celine was deeply touched, and unable to restrain her emotion, cried,

"No! dear Emily, nothing can ever break the firm ties which bind us together."

M. Dorval, who was a witness to this deep and sincere outpouring of the heart, believed, for a moment, that he had mistaken the character of Emily, and flattered himself that his daughter still preserved her friend. He was soon undeceived, but wishing to allow Celine herself, who was blindly attached to her friend, to perceive the evidences, daily becoming more apparent, of the estrangement of Emily, said nothing to her with regard to his suspicions. An occasion, however, soon offered which proved to Celine that her dearly cherished friend had lost that affectionate regard she once entertained for her. The friends saw each other less frequently, and Emily, although up to this time their visits had been exchanged without ceremony, now required Celine to inform her, previously, of the days on which she might expect to see her.

"As we receive company every evening,"

said Emily, one day, "you must come to me in the morning, my dear Celine; it is the only time we can enjoy, uninterruptedly, each other's society. The fashionable world gives employment to almost every moment of my time: so you must come in the morning, my dear, at our breakfast hour."

Celine, always unsuspecting and confiding, took pleasure in conforming to the wishes of her friend, and came still less frequently to see her for fear of encroaching upon her time, but even when she did call rarely found Emily at home. She could not help perceiving, at last, however, the restraint and embarrassment that Emily felt in her society, and which in spite of her dissimulation she could not entirely conceal. Too sensitive not to feel this change deeply, but too proud to complain of it, she remained silent, and determined to hazard a last proof of the regard of her former friend. Emily had, for some time, ceased to invite Celine to dine with her at any time when company was expected to assemble at her father's house. Celine had, at first, attributed this forgetfulness to the effect of the confusion consequent upon the fashionable life she led, but, wishing to ascertain her true motives, she determined to go the next Wednesday, at which time she knew, M. Valrive usually gave an entertainment, without informing Emily of her intention. She dressed herself in her most simple clothing and, accompanied by an old domestic, went to the house of her friend to whom she said on entering :

"My father and mother were compelled to be absent from home to-day, and I have come, my dear Emily, to dine with you."

"I am very glad to see you," replied Emily, reddening at the deceit, and completing at the moment a most brilliant toilette, "but we shall have with us, to-day, a great number of fashionable and distinguished guests."

"Of what consequence is that, my friend? I shall be near to you."

"To be sure, but then etiquette compels us to be reserved in the presence of these great men; we shall hardly be able to exchange a single word. But, excuse me a moment. I will go and tell my mother of your arrival, the better——"

And without finishing the sentence, she left the amazed Celine more than half convinced that pride and fortune had estranged Emily from her and that she no longer had a friend. Emily went to her mother, and told her that her dear Celine had come, but without being prepared, and did not desire to make her appearance in so imposing an assemblage, as was expected to dinner. She begged that their dinner might be served in her own apartment, as she had determined not to

appear at the public table preferring, rather, to enjoy the society of her old friend. Returning to Celine, she told her that her mother, fearing she would be embarrassed to appear in her simple dress at a repast of so much ceremony where she was entirely unacquainted with any persons, proposed to have a quiet dinner served up at a more reasonable hour, in her own chamber.

Celine read, very plainly, in the eyes of Emily, the truth, that she had no other end in view in making this proposal than to avoid presenting to her fashionable acquaintances, the simple and modestly dressed daughter of a man of letters. Her first impulse was to leave the house immediately, but she had dismissed her domestic, and M. Valrive's people were so much occupied that she would have been compelled to go home alone. Desirous, too, of pushing this proof of Emily's friendship to the end, she, upon a moment's reflection feigned to believe what had been said and accepted the proposition. Emily, who was really anxious to be rid of her old friend that she might join the company, whose society she now so much preferred, ordered the servant to bring up their dinner at a very early hour. About four o'clock a dish of rice soup was brought up and deposited upon the little *somno*, near which Emily drew her chair, and calling upon Celine to follow her example spread a napkin upon her knees on which she placed her plate of soup. As the usual dinner hour was six o'clock, the meal of our friends was composed of the remains of the preceding day's repast. After the soup, came, successively in consequence of the small size of the table on which there was not room for all the dishes at one time, the remains of a fowl, two cold, tough larks, an artichoke with oil, and some sour cream. The dessert which followed was of the same character.

Celine, whose natural sensibility combatted strongly for some moments with her indignation, restrained her feelings with much difficulty. She ate little, and scarcely dared to trust herself to raise her eyes to those of Emily who made use of every pretext to hasten this meagre repast in the hope that Celine would then return home, and leave her at liberty to make her appearance at the table with her father's guests. Celine felt that all the ties which had bound them to each other were now for ever ruptured; and, pretending a slight indisposition, returned to her home accompanied by one of the maids. She was deeply grieved at the treatment of Emily. When she reached her chamber, her suppressed feelings gave way in a flood of tears. She cast her eyes upon the portrait of Emily which still hung in its place, and shuddered to think of the great change which had taken place as she read once more the inscrip-

tion "I owe to thee, dear Celine my life," traced by the hand of her former friend upon the frame, and almost involuntarily added these words: "And yet I have outraged thee!"

Her father entered the chamber at the moment her trembling hand had completed the new inscription, and he at once perceived, from the distressed appearance of Celine, who was still weeping, that something had occurred to develop the selfishness he felt satisfied reigned supreme in the heart of Emily. On questioning his daughter with regard to her distress, she detailed to him all that had occurred at M. Valrive's.

"I am not at all surprised at this," said he. "It is rarely we find those in the world who are able, to resist the tendency of elevation and opulence, to estrange their hearts from pure and unselfish love."

"Ah! who would have believed," cried Celine, with her eyes still fixed upon the portrait, "that one with such a deep expression of sweet and touching gratitude depicted in her countenance, could have thus outraged the feelings of a friend who loved her."

"If they had only given you a good dinner," said M. Dorval laughing, "but two tough old larks and the sour cream, were too bad,—it would be a sad consummation of this friendship if it were to be the cause of your death by indigestion. But, my dear Celine, disappointments like the one of to-day, which so much affects you, I have experienced more than once in my life. Friends are like fortune, whose car they so closely follow, more easily won than retained."

Emily, who had observed the expression of chagrin, which Celine, in spite of her efforts could not entirely conceal, was not deceived by the sudden indisposition which had been the pretext to leave, and feeling some twinges of conscience, sent her femme-de-chambre early the next morning, to enquire after her health. Celine replied coldly to her enquiries that she was much better, but that the hastily swallowed dinner of the preceding day had, in some degree, disordered her stomach. Emily was convinced, when this reply was reported to her, that Celine had been wounded by her conduct, and called some days after with her mother, for the purpose of dissipating what she regarded as a passing cloud. Celine was occupied in her father's study when the ladies were announced. She begged him not to say any thing which would lead to an explanation, ran to her chamber and, taking down Emily's portrait, with the second inscription, put it aside in a closet. So habituated to fulfil the offices of friendship, and indulgent and generous as she was she entirely forgot, at this moment, the outrage she had experienced. Emily was never more condescending

and tender. No allusion was, at first, made to the unpleasant circumstance which had occurred but profiting by a moment when her mother, who was a woman of intelligence, was closely engaged in conversation with M. Dorval, she drew Celine into her chamber that she might have a particular explanation.

"You left our house very hastily, the other day my dear," said she.

"I did not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of appearing at the dinner table and assisting your mother to do the honors of the house," replied Celine.

"I hope you were not offended with her because of the proposition to take dinner with me in my own apartment."

"Oh no! believe me, I know better how to render justice to your excellent mother. I was so simply dressed, that, in truth, I was not prepared to appear in such a company."

"Ah! you do not know of what a weight this assurance relieves me," replied Emily with an appearance of feeling. "But I no longer see my portrait over your mantel piece."

"It has become stained; I took it down this morning, and shall not replace it till the stain is removed."

"I hope you will soon be enabled to restore it to its place, my dearest Celine," said Emily. "It is a great pleasure to me to know that it will bring me more frequently before the mind of my friend, and keep alive in her heart the tender memory of our happy school-days, one of the dearest occurrences of which, to me, is commemorated on the frame of this portrait."

"Ah yes!" replied Celine "I often think of those happy hours."

"They are delightful reminiscences to me—but, Celine, what is the matter? you appear thoughtful and abstracted."

"You know that the twenty-fourth is my father's birth day, on which occasion it is his custom to have at his house a reunion of men of letters, artists and intelligent ladies. Preparation for this fete has necessarily given me much to do and to think of. But you forget that we have left your mother alone with papa, and, although I am sure she will not be wearied of his society, I should not like to keep her waiting for you."

The two young ladies returned to the parlor, where Emily attempted to sustain a lively part in the conversation, but not with sufficient success to remove the impression from the mind of M. Dorval, that the outrage Celine had suffered was to be attributed entirely to Emily, for, he was satisfied that her parents had too much true polite-

ness and good sense to wish to exclude his daughter from their table.

When Emily returned home, and reflected upon her cool and formal reception by Celine, she could not help perceiving that the dinner in her chamber on the fete-day had not entirely passed from the remembrance of the latter. She could not help feeling pained at heart when she reflected upon her treatment of the sincere and affectionate Celine, and determined to seize this occasion of M. Dorval's birth-day fete to remove from her mind every trace of her just indignation, by attempting to prove to her that she did not regard any distinction of position in society. She acquainted her parents that she had been invited by M. and Madame Dorval, to attend the reunion at their house on the twenty-fourth. When the day arrived she made a simple but elegant toilette, and without having acquainted Celine with her intention, surprised the latter by her unexpected appearance.

"The fete of your father," said she, in an affectionate tone, "cannot be indifferent to me, and I have come to share with you, my dear Celine, the cares and pleasures of this happy day."

Celine, although somewhat confounded, allowed Emily to embrace her, and could not help returning her caresses. She then went to announce the arrival of Emily to her parents.

"What!" asked M. Dorval. "She has come to dine with you?"

"Yes!" replied Celine, "but she comes with so much grace and with such a touching affability that she entirely disarms me."

"I am not surprised that the remains of your former affection should make you feel thus leniently toward her, but at the same time, I am sure you know too well, what is due to yourself to hesitate to give to the proud and selfish Emily, the lesson she merits, and which will, doubtless, be a useful one to her. Return to your chamber and leave all to me."

As soon as his daughter had left the room, M. Dorval called an old and faithful domestic and said to him:

"Could you not, Joseph, procure me two old and tough larks, roasted yesterday, or the day before?"

"What in the world does monsieur wish with such a delicate morsel?" asked Joseph.

"Do as I require and I will inform you in good time."

"I will go to the little cook shop at the corner."

"There is another essential to which I wish you to attend; tell Marguerite to have, at four o'clock precisely some sour cream."

"How! sour cream?"

"Yes, sour—a little cream of tartar or citron juice will very easily effect that."

"I will go and tell her, but I doubt very much whether she will consent to spoil the cream for monsieur—besides, she is very busily engaged this morning."

"Very well," said M. Dorval, "I will go and explain to her my reason for wishing to have it thus. Do not forget to procure what I have requested."

During this interview, Celine had conducted Emily to her chamber and was entertaining her with an account of the amusements expected from her father's friends during the day.

"And can I not join with you," said Emily, "in showing to your worthy father the deep regard I have for him?"

"A word, or a flower from your hand will suffice," replied Celine. "And I am sure you would rather be with the spectators of our intellectual games, amongst whom you will find ladies of distinguished merit; who possess grace without affectation, dignity without stiffness, and, above all, an ease of manners, which gives evidence of cultivated minds. Oh! there is no class of persons in Paris more amiable or more attractive than these artist's wives."

"I have no doubt of it," said Emily abstractedly as if she did not exactly sympathize with Celine's affections. "But I see nothing of my portrait?"

"No," replied Celine, "the stain is not yet removed from it."

"It must have a deep stain upon it."

"Yes, very deep! but I sincerely hope that it will be eventually removed."

A servant at this moment came in and informed Celine that her father desired to see her. Emily congratulated herself upon the happy idea she had conceived of conciliating her friend, and in anticipation, saw all eyes attracted by her appearance and all attention directed toward her as the daughter of a distinguished man. But what was her astonishment, when Celine re-entered the apartment with an embarrassed air, blushing as she said:—

"I come, dear Emily, to announce to you a scruple of my father, which indeed, upon reflection, I cannot blame. He thinks that it is inconsistent with the dignity of your father for his daughter to dine with a few authors and simple artists, and,—he has charged me to—propose—that you should dine with me in my chamber."

At these words Emily turned pale; she began to suspect that the insult which she had offered to Celine, and of which she imagined the last trace had been removed from the mind of M. Dorval was ever present to him, and that he sought to

punish her for it. This suspicion was changed into certainty, when she saw Joseph, upon whose countenance played a mischievous smile which indicated that he was acting under instructions, roll into the chamber a mahogany *sommo* with a marble top, and deposite upon it a dish of rice soup. He then placed a seat and handed a plate to the fine Emily who, in turn, found herself obliged to imitate Celine, and to use her knees for a table. The old domestic served, in the same order, the same dishes, which Emily had furnished at the dinner at her house; the two cold larks, and the sour cream making the most conspicuous part of the entertainment. The dessert which followed the dinner was proportionably dry and meagre.

Emily who read in the eyes of her friend the pain it cost her to obey what she felt satisfied was the command of M. Dorval, did not wish to augment her pain by an explanation. She feigned to be ignorant of the design of her host, and calling all her self possession to her aid, in spite of her deep mortification she preserved, during the dinner, the best possible countenance. Celine however, could not help perceiving that Emily suffered much, and endeavored to distract her mind from the present unpleasant circumstances by calling up the many delightful hours they had spent together at school.

At six o'clock, M. Dorval, left the parlor in which a number of his friends had already collected, and sought the two recluses; he approached Emily, who could not help casting down her eyes at his appearance and said to her:

"Mademoiselle, many persons of distinction, who do not consider it any condescension to associate with men of letters, are met at my house: will you do me the honor to accept my hand and appear amongst them?"

He conducted her to the saloon, where she soon found herself surrounded by those who in literature and art, were the most celebrated and possessed the most amiable characters. All paid her the most flattering attention, and during the evening, when engaged in one of those delightful literary recreations in which each one contributes some impromptu effusion, her heart fluttered with delight when she heard M. Dorval draw a most flattering portrait of her father, whom he pronounced worthy at once of the general esteem which was entertained for him and the confidence of his sovereign. The tears which involuntarily started from her eyes upon hearing the universal plaudits of the guests at these remarks, were taken by all as the effect of filial affection; but Emily at this moment, felt so keenly her own littleness of soul which had led her to commit an outrage upon such noble and generous hearts as

these, that she could not restrain herself, and bitter tears flowed freely. Oh! how truly does kindness from those we have wronged "heap living coals upon the head."

To this part of the entertainment succeeded a delicious supper from which was banished every thing like formality or display, each taking his place at the table without any regard to celebrity or position in society. With what delightful zest now flowed the conversation, how many good things were said and appreciated. Delicate bon mots and witty sallies free from any malignity, gushed forth at every moment. At a sign from her father, Celine sang a new song, called the duties of friendship, the burthen of which was,

"How oft we lose the joy of life
By a moment of neglect."

Emily, seated opposite to M. Dorval, gave evidence by her blushes that she felt the application of this song of which he was the author and his pleasant glance seemed to say:

"It is thus we avenge ourselves upon you."

Soon after, a message came for Emily and Celine and her father accompanied her to her carriage. On the step she stopped suddenly and said in an agitated voice.

"Oh how culpable you have shown me to be; the lesson I have received will never be effaced from my memory," and pressing warmly the hands of M. Dorval, she added in a supplicating tone, "if I have any claim upon your indulgence, my dear sir, promise me, oh! promise me! that you will not inform my parents of the outrage I committed upon your daughter; they would never forgive me, if they knew of it."

With these words she embraced Celine, whose warm caress proved to her that she was already forgiven. Emily redoubled her protestations and thanks, and after having received from M. Dorval the assurance that he would remain silent

with regard to this subject, to her parents, gave and received the last kiss, got into her carriage and left them.

"I have now good reason to believe that my friend is restored to me," cried Celine, intoxicated with joy, "and I can now efface the painful inscription which I have placed upon the portrait."

"Do not be in too great a hurry," said M. Dorval, who had closely observed the manner of Emily; "fear and shame now fill her soul; and her pride has suffered the more deeply because she has found herself humiliated by those she regards as inferiors."

"But, my father, the pain she evidently experienced whilst I was singing and the rapid blushes which passed over her countenance—"

"Were but evidences of vexation and shame," replied M. Dorval. "She did not show that degree of humiliation which is the sure indication of a true conviction of evil and a sincere repentance. Her eyes too, were dry when yours were filled with tears."

This conclusion of M. Dorval was too well founded. Emily never met Celine without experiencing a degree of suffering which she endeavored in vain to conceal; and Celine soon felt that, although neglect may be pardoned in a friend it is not always in one's power entirely to forget it. Little by little they met less frequently and at last avoided occasions of meeting. Celine first felt it her duty to make a perfect rupture of the feeble tie which now bound her to Emily; her father, redoubled his tenderness, to console her for the loss of her early friend.

"Friendship, my daughter," said he, "is a faithful mirror which instantly displays the effect of the least impure breath; nothing is more rare than a perfect and mutual sympathy which indeed can exist between those only whose position in society is equal."

MARRIED PARTNERS.

BY DR. DOUNE.

"And they twain shall be one flesh."

If we are two, we are two so,
As still twin compasses are two,
Thou the fixt foot, which makes no show
To stir, but doth if t'other do:

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet; if the other far doth roam,

It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

So shall thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, eccentric run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.